SOL. MILLER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. >

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF DONIPHAN COUNTY. Our Motto: "Talk for Home, Fight for Home, Patronize Home,"

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1883.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,340.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVI.—NUMBER 40.3

Choice Loctry. RORY OF THE HILL A Sample Fenian Poem, by the Late Charles J. Kickham.

- That rake up near the rathers,
 Why beave it there so long t
 The handle, of the best of ash.
 Is smooth, and straight, and strong;
 And, mother, will you held no.
 Why did my father fraces.
 Why the make the bay, in Souraser-tim
 I climbed to take it slown;
 She becked into her bushand's eyes,
 White her own with light did fill;
 "You'll slowtily know the reason, boy+
 Said Bory of the Hill.
- The midulph moses is lighting up.
 The elopes of Silav memore—
 Whose feet affrights the startled hares.
 So long before the dawn!
 He stooped just where the Amer's stream
 Winds up the woods areat.
 Then whiched low, and leaked around.
 To say the count.
- To see the count was clear;
 A sheeting does flow open.
 In he stopped with right good will.
 Said Rowy of the ffill.
 Said Rowy of the ffill.
- Case Many W. Carlin.

 Eight hearty was the welcome.

 That greated him. I ween:
 Plow well he haved the Green;
 And there was no missing them.
 Who grouped kim by the hard—One who through all that weary time.
 Romined on a Google strand;
 He brought them needs from gallant friends.
 That mode their heart-strings theil!—My sow!! I never doubted them?
 Said Rony of the Hill.
- She are set are and the hundle hand,
 Till dawning of the day,
 And yet not song not should I heard—
 And yet not song not should I heard—
 Some horses fluided took with gladness.
 While some were grinily pole:
 But pale or red, from sout those eyes
 Flashed soule that never quali?
 "And sing no now about the vow.
 They seems for to fulfill—
 "You'll roud it yet in History—
 Soid Eary of the Hill.

- Next day, the ashen handle

 He book down from where it hung. The tookled rule, full scornfully.

 Into the fire he flung.

 And to its stead a sliming blade

 the gleaning once again—
 (b) for a lumined blook

 the gleaning once again—
 (b) for a lumined blook

 Regionaling once again—
 (b) for a lumined blook

 Regionaling once again—
 (b) for a lumined blook

 Regionaling blook on the rem's

 Right solidary is a wheled it.

 And—going through his drill—

 Attention whapp 'treat point advance of

 Gird Regy of the Hill.
- She hodged at him with woman's paide.

 With pride and woman's feats.

 And the him who churg to him.

 He fresh her paids beat truly,

 White her arms round him twine—

 Now God he praised for your shout heart,

 He swamp his first horn in the alr,

 White hey ris heart did full—

 You'll he in twenty wet, my hey.

 Said Eary of the Hill.

Select Storn.

TOM O'CONNOR'S CAT.

A Story of Obsession in Irish.

There was a man called Tom O'Connor, and he had a cat equal to a dezen rat-traps, and worth her weight in gold, in saving his sacks of meal from the thievery of the rats and mice. This cat was a great pet, and was so up to everything, and had so should a look in her eyes, Tom was sarin' sure the cat knew ivery word that was said to her. She used to sit by him at breakfastivery mornin' and the eloquent cock in her tail, as she used to rub against his leg, said, "Give me some milk, Tom O'Connor," as plain as print; and the plenitude of her purr spoke a gratitude beyond language. Well, one morning Tom was going to the neighboring town to market, and to bring home shoes to the children out of the price of his corn; and There was a man called Tom O'Conner, and

"You're goin'n off to town," says she, "to buy shoes for the childher, and never thought on gettin' me a pair."

"You," says Tom,
"You," says Tom,
"You," says Tom,
"You," says Tom,
"You's me; and the neighbors wonder, Tom
O'Comor, that a respectable man like you allows your cat to go about the country barefutted," says she.
"Is it a cut to wear shoes?" says Tom.
"Why not?" says she; "doesn't burses wear
shoes; and I've a purtier fut nor a borse?"
"Faix, she aymes like a woman!" says Tom.
"But, ma'am, I don't see how you cu'd fasten a
shoe on you!" says he.
"Lave that to me," says the cat.
"As for the horses, mem, you know their shoes
is fastensi on wid mails."

"Ab, you stupid thafe," says the cat, "an'
haven't I illigant mails of my own?" and wid
that she gave him a dab wid her claws.
"Och, murther?" roared Tom.
"No more of your palaver, Misther O'Connor,"
says the cat; "just be off and get me the shoes,"
"Tare an suns?" says Tom, "what'll become
of me if I am to get shoes for me cats?"

So Tom wint off to the town, as he pretened
for he saw the cat watchin' him thu'a hole
in the houlge. But whin he came to a turn in
the road, the dictors he minded the savefet.

Well, off wint Tom home, rackin' his brains for an excuse for not bringing the shoes; and he saw the cat cantering up to him half a mile before he got home.

"I've not got 'em to-day, ma'am," says he.

"I's that the way yon keep your promise, Tom?" says she. "I'll tell you what it is, Tom, I'll tear the eyes out ov the childhre, if you do not get the shoes."

"Whist, whist?" says Tom, frightened out of his life. "Don't be in a passion, pussy? The shoemaker hadn't a shoe nor a last to make one to fit you, and he says I must bring you into town for him to take your measure."

"An' whin I's says the cat.

"To-morrow," says Tom.

"It's well you said that, Tom, or the divil an eye I'd lave in yer family this night," said the cat, and off she hopped.

Tom trembled at the wicked look she gave him.

"Enemember?" she said over the hedge with a

him. ... "Remember." she said over the hedge with a "Remember!" she said over the hedge with a bitter caterwant.

Well, sure eno', the nixt mornin' there was the cat lickin' herself as nate as a new pin to go into town, and out came Tom, wid a bag ander his arm.

inuits, their holds crowded to suffocation with prisoners, most of them being seamen from the prisoners were the two most noted of these vessels, and the barbarities practiced in them were such as during the late war, at Andersonville and Libby prisons, excited general execration. The prisoners were half starved, and the foul air and filth of their prisons generated the most contagious diseases, and being without medical aid, the wretched men died by the score daily. The bodies of the victims were taken to the shore and were thrown into hastily dug trenches, with a slight covering of earth over them that was soon washed away, leaving the bones expressed so that for many years they were scattered along the beach. A low estimate places the number of deaths resolting from improper treatment on these ships at 11,000.

In some instances the prisoners, preferring death to their minery, continued annals of 1883.—Postidate Sales and its relation to the sun's surroundings, and its relation to the sun's surroundings, and its relation to the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundings. In the third place, they will search for the sun's surroundin

A Genuine Hermaphrodite.

Philadelle, Bucks County, is in a state of excitement over the discovery at a coroner's inquest that the Rev. William Jarrett, pastor of the Episcopal church, was a genuine hermaphrodite. The authenticity of this remarkable phenomenon is vouched for by Drs. Wilson, Dingey and Kurtz, who made a post-mortem examination. It was discovered that a unity of both sexes existed in the body, and the unusual eurious physical anomaly was developed in a marked degree. The man was 47 years old, and of large physique. The distinctive physical organs, typical of male and female, were fully developed. The discovery has created the most intense interest in the medical profession and much talk in that vicinity. Jarrett took charge of the pulpit at Halmeville, and entire stranger, three years ago. He was a brilliant orator, and soon made friends. He occupied the parsonnge all alone, did his own cooking, and songht seclusion. His peculiar desire for isolation attracted attention, but was attributed to his eccentricity. At the inquest, the members of the church gathered in a body, and cutered their protest to the carving of their pastor's anatomy by the doctors. The doctors muchlingly deferred to their wishes. Measures were taken to prevent glouids securing the remains after burnal. A coffu-shaped brick wall, thirteen inches thick, was built at the bottom of the grave. The casket was placed in this inclositer, and a heavy flagstone put over it. Jarrett said he had a wife and child in Anstralia, but in the light of recent events, this is not credited. He left a large estate, a tract of land in Virginia, and valuable securities. Being an English subject, British Consul Clipperton, of this port, was notified to ascertain his friends and take care of the estate. The people of Halmeville fear, despite precautions, that the body will be secured in the interest of science.

A CONTEMPORARY OF THE CHARTER OA.

"The cest speak to you?" said the Squire. The wires than hefore—you're drunk?"
No, yer homer, it's on the strength av a pint us call came to spake to you?"
If think it's on the strength av a pint us whishey. Ten?"
By the vartue of my cath, yer homer, it's nothin but the cat."
Then Tom told him about the affair, and the Squire was actomished. The Bishop of the dioces and the priest of the parish came in and had a tough argument of two hours on the subject, one saying she must be a witch, and the other she was ently schemated. The magistrate pulled down all the law books in his library, and looked was early schemated. The magistrate was early schemated. The magistrate. "There's the Alien Acts," says the Squire, "any perhaps she's a French spy, surresmongh," says Tom.
"Ye a fresh idea," says the magistrate. "Fair, it won't kape fresh long this weather," says Tom.
"We'll him the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds of the following the merning against cais.

There's the Alien Acts," says the Squire. "She spakes hie a French spy, surresmongh," says Tom.

"We'll him the randber the game laves," says the magistrate. "Fair, it won't kape fresh long this weather," says Tom.

"We'll him the randber the game laves," says the merning against cais in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin', and we will have the hounds in the mernin' the mercin the man to fair the man an Indian. Look at me. Manna Indian. Lo

Miscellaneous.

PATRICK'S DAY.

RT W. M. DONNELLY. A thousand five hundred long years have railed ever. Since Patrick in Erin first planted the cross. And as needle to pole, or as girl and the cross. So Erin's been true to the faith—to her lone. For had she been willing to take the base shilling. And list 'neath the barner that England displayed, No chains had entwined her, no brague had mullined her. To begue had mullined her. To guard, not to wound her, had flashed England's blade.

Long ages of plunder size no or had sunk under.
The ships of her commerce had crowded her straid
And the tale of her giory had then been the story
Of greatness at house—not in far-distant hands.
But Truth has been dearer, her God has been nearer
To Erin's warm heart thin success or than gold;
From the Saint to O'Domell—Born to O'Cornell.
His faith and his country as Irishman sold.

TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE OF MAY 6.

To trembed at the wicked look she gardy. The man trembed the security of the standard of the leading of the standard of the leading of the le

that it can tabled against him more vigorously that iver, and whith he kept niver mindul her, to many a state they were earlied along the beach. A low estimate places he can be also this wint clause through his leathers.

Tom a dat of the clause this wint clause through his leathers.

"Now," said Tom, with a jump, "by this and by that, ye dhrew the blood out is me," says he, "Tow teicked divid! this, go long," makin as first a the result of the bear of the said to the means the prisoners, preferring a secretarily glance on Tom, and distinctly at the cat, who quietly proceeded with a sort of the cat, and only the complex of the cat, who quietly proceeded with a sort of the said special to the said special to the said special to the said as a pumple and lef; he refutured a searchin look at the cat, who quietly proceeded with a sort of "Tom O'Connor," says she, "The long what passes directly through the trenches in the said to say the look of the look, equal to a milliant. "One of the look, equal to a milliant." Tow oils, the house, "And the remains of thousands of prisoners were gathered to make the say had been as the look of the look, equal to a milliant. Tow oils, the house whether he was on his local of and filled particular to the look of the look. "Come here," says she, "the least taste in private," says she, with the look of the look. "Come here," says she, "the least taste in private," says she, "the least taste in private," says she, "the look of the look." Town oils, the private, says and the pass on air in the cat, and of she wint, and look of the look." The complex of the look of the look. "Town oils, the private is the look of the look." The complex of the look of the look." The complex of the look of the look. "Town oils, the complex of the look of the look." The complex of the look of the look. "Town oils, the complex of the look." The compl

Taeasures Sunk by Nelson.

Projects for the recovery of stores and treasures sunk on board the French men-of war destroyed by Nelson in Aboults Bay, eighty-four years ago, have more than once attracted the attention of speculators, and it would seem that recent events in Egypt have again brought the matter to the front. In ISEL in the days of Mehemet All, a portion of the Orient, the French admiral's flag ship, still remained above water, and some enterprising individuals combined together to get what articles of value remained on board. They removed several cannon, some anchors and other stores, and also get possession of some money. Being unprovided with any diving aparatus, their efforts were necessarily restrained to "wrecking" so much of the vessel as could be get at from the surface. The rest of the Orient has long since disappeared in the sands. It is believed, however, that the remains of that vessel, as well as assme thirteen others, are still lying at the bottom of the sea, and represent property of considerable value. A concession has been lately obtained from the present Khedive by Mr. Alexander Adib, a British, subject of Alexanderia, under which he is anthorized to raise and take possession, for his own benefit, of the sunken vessels or what he han find of them. Diving operations will be commenced in the cours of a month, and the result will be looked forward to with great interest by the mantical and scientific world—Pall Mall Gezelte.

An Indaa Chief Who Has Sexse—Red Cond the Siony chief sent the following learner.

Mell Gezette.

An Indian Chief Who Has Sense.—Red Coud, the Sioux chief, sent the following letter to the House Appropriations Committee. The style is a trifle asthmatic, but the scatteres are pointedly and concisely part:

Washington, Feb. 26, 1853.—Law Chiefes: I am an Indian. Look at me. My name is Red Cloud. I have sense. The Government, through General Crook, in 1876, took wrongfully 685 horses from me and my people. I have sense; so have my people. I represent them. I am in debt. I have a large family. Secretary Teller asked me to take cows for my horses. If the Government gives me all the cows they have already promised I would have more than we can milk. I am a man of sense. I want money to pay my debts. Law Chiefs, pay me not in cows, but in eash. I am at peace. Let me remain thus.

RED X CLOUD.

Witness, LARAMIE.

A SIOUX CITY young man left his boarding

WE desire to acknowledge the receipt of two dozen collar-buttons for the flood sufferers.—

THE passage of the tariff bili will be worth many thousand votes to the Republican party in the elections that are to take plake this year and next.—Providence Press.

Last w

RATHER A HARD HIT. What James Redpath Wrote to the New York Free Trade Club.

The following letter from Mr. James Redpath would indicate that the New York Free Trade Club is capable of making mistakes. When free traders are seeking recruits for their battalions, they will do well to drop their shilling into the hand of some man who has not been investigating economic problems in Ireland, and seen their theories illustrated in the almost complete ruin of a nation:

plete ruin of a nation:

New York City, May 20, 1882.

Poultney Bigelow. Esq., Chairman of the Membership Committee of the New York Free Trade Club—Six:—I ove you an explanation of the seeming discourtesy of failing to acknowledge your letter of February 2d, in which you inform me that the "Committee of Membership is prepared to present" my "name as an honorary member" of your club. The letter was mislaid, and I have just recovered it.

I respectfully decline the honor thus tendered me.

Maggie Lucas, a mare that went through three years of the hardest service of the war of the rebellion, is 34 years old. The mane and tail of the hardy little animal are deeply streaked with gray. She has lost the sight of the left eye, and is somewhat deaf, but she is as frisky and lively in the barn-yard as most animals twenty-five years her junior. "Maggie Lucas" is an historical mare. She was ridden by John H. Whallen through all of the daring raids of John H. Morgan, and for three years was ridden in the courier service, the most toilsome and dangerous branch of war service. Her owner, Mr. Whallen, paid the old mare a state visit the other day, and spent an hour amid the recollections of the past, and in resuming the almost human intimacy that once existed between the intelligent animal and himself. She was found at Mr. Miller's farm, five miles from the city, on the Eighteenth Street road, where she has been kept in case and comfort for years, and where she will remain until death claims her gallant spirit. At first, she did not recognize her old master (who was wrapped up in a heavy overcoat), and frisked away from him with the spirit of a colt, but with the heavy movements of age in her limbs. But when she was cornered, and he called her name in her ear, she looked up quickly, and then, recognizing the well-remembered voice, laid her head along his arm and stood gentle and quiet while he patted her head and talked of the adventures they had seen together.

Mr. Whallen obtained the mare in 1862. He was at that time a boy of 14 years, and had been in the service a year. He was a courier, and had here in the service a year. He was a courier, and had hamy a long and rapid ride to make, but the gallant mare never was sick and seem-ed never to tire, going all day long in a "lope." She was in all the skirmishes and ughts in Indiana, and Ohio, and Kentucky, and was ridden away by her owner from Grantville, Fenn. on the day that Mount Sterline, and wishing to keen

on the day that Morgan was betrayed and killed.

At the close of the war Mr. Whallen surrendered at Mount Sterling, and wishing to keep his mare, he left her in the country, and after surrendering his arms, returned to her. He was attrested, however, at Legington, because he had not surrendered the animal, and she was confiscated. He made every effort to keep trace of her, determined to buy her as soon as he had made enough money. In this he was disappointed, as she was sold and he could not find her. Years passed, and one day while he was standing on the river bank at Portland, he saw a colored man ride his mare on the ferry-boat. He recognized her at sight, and hurrying down to the beat walked up to the colored man, who was astride of her, and said:

"Uncle, you've got my horse there, sure."

"Hisey your soul, honey," said the old man, "Tve had this mar nine years, and bought her in the bluegrass."

"Well, she used to be mine," persisted Mr. Whallen; "that is, I think it is the same mare. If it is, she won't carry double."

With this he put his hands on the mare's rump, and she kicked vigorously. "And," continued Mr. Whallen, "this is her name," and he called out behind her, "Maggie," and in an instant the mare whirled around, almost unseating her rider.

Mr. Whallen gave \$35 and a side-saddle for the mare, and used her for several years in his huggy. Then, as she got old, he sent her to the country, where he pays \$20 a year board for her. For a long time he had difficulty in paying his own board, but the mare was never allowed to suffer, and he intends to keep her in comfort and ease until death ends her life.

If "Maggie Lucas" is alive in June, she will be taken to Lexington to the re-anion of Morgan's command. Nearly every soldier knew her and her boy rider well. When she dies, Mr. Whallen intends to have the frame and hide preserved, and will keep them in remembrance of her faithfulness and intelligence. The funeral will be a memorrial occasion, and all of Morgan's mem will be invited to attend to hear t

The Red Spot in Jupiter.

Jupiter never fails to excite profound interest, whether we follow his course with the naked eye or through the telescape. The telescopic view just now, says the Scientific Americas, is full of excitement. The Prince of Planets has met with a loss. The "great red spot," 26,000 miles long, and 6,000 or 6,000 miles broad, has almost entirely vanished. The extraordinary phenomenon that has been eagerly and assiduously watched since its appearance in 1872, has bearly disappeared, and zealous observers are little the wiser for the study bestowed upon it. Various opinious prevail concerning its origin and constitution. Some astronomers think it was an enormous rift in the planet's cloud atmosphere, revealing the nucleus beneath. Others think it was a sing or crust formed on the semi-fluid surface of the planet, revolving with it, and now melting down and disappearing. Others think it was a kind of cloud of smoke coming from a long-continued volcanic cruption on the planet underneath. Doubtless new spots will succeed, and some time in the distant future astronomers will decipher their meaning. But the time is not yet.

It is now claimed that the Ysleta, in El Paso

It is now claimed that the Ysleta, in El Paso County, is the oldest town in the United States; that a Spanish explorer, in 1549, found it a pros-perous and civilized Indian community, which has ever since been continuously inhabited.— Galceston News.

"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER." The woman was old, and ragged, and gray, And beat with the chill of a Winter's day. The afrests were white with a recent snow. And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long. Jostled aside by the careless throng

Of human beings who passed her by. Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye

Down the street, with laughter and about Glad in the freedom of "school let out. Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep, Hailing the store piled white and deep. Past the want of an edge of the past the way. Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her. So weak and timid, afraid to stir, Lest the carriage wheels or the horses feet. Should trample her down in the slippery str

At last, came out of the merry troop. The gayest boy of all the group: He paused beside her, and whispered le "I'll help you across, if you wish to go! Her aged band on his strong, young atm-Ske placed, and so, without hart or harm. He guided the trenshing feet along. Proud that his own were firm and strong. Proud that his own were firm and strong. Then back again to his friends he went. His young heart happy and well content.

"She's Somebody's Mother, boys, you know For all she's aged, and poor, and show. And some one sense time may lead a hand To belp my mether—you understand! If were she a poor, and celd, and gray. And her own dear bey is far away.

"Somebody's Mother" howed low her head, In her home, that night, and the prayer she said. Was: "God be kind to that noble boy. Who is Somebody's Son and pride and joy. Faint was the voice, and worn and weak. But heaven lists when its chosen speak; Angels caught the faitering word, And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

A Storm of Snowballs.

A curious snow-storm is described by a currespondent of the Scientific Inserious as occurring in Connecticut, the other day. On the norming of February 21, he writes, the snow here (Merrow Station) presented a novel and striking appearance. During the previous night, about two inches of light snow had fallen, while there ward changed to north-west, and the norming was beautifully clear. The surface of the snow, where the land was not very uneven or much inclined, was strewn with snowhalls, varying in size from about nine inches through down to very small ones. Some were nearly spherical in general form, but nearly all were neerly rolls of snow, funnel-shaped at the ends. These rolls, at the circumference, measured about the same, (or a little less,) in length as in diameter. There were many over nine inches through, and myrinds of small ones. The surface of the snow was marked with shallow furrows, as the snow halls were formed, showing the changing direction of the wind. The balls were of smilicient consistency to be handled carefully.

GENERAL NEAL Dow;—Sir;—It appears by the records of the Government, that 1,162 per-sons paid the Government tax to sell liquor in the State of Maine, last year. How do you ac-

In paying out \$700 in wages to his workmen, a manufacturer at Marseilles, Ill.; privately marked all the bills. Within two weeks, \$342 of it was deposited in the local bank by saloon keepers.

A NOTABLE GAME OF MARBLES. A Clergymnu's Story of the Game Which He and Arthur Played and Garfield Watched.

(Communication to the Brewster Standard.)

Carmer, February 29.—I wish sincerely to thank you for the able and accurate report in the Standard of last week, of the proceedings at my "Ecclesiastical Silver Wedding"—a happy phrase, for which I am indebted to Prof. G. C. Smith and the Hou, John H. Ketcham. In the biographical sketch you gave of me, you refer with a slight inaccuracy to an incident of my boylood, when I played at marbles with the Presidents, Gardield and Arthur. Since the death of one and the call of the other to fill his place as President of the Union, I have several times related the circumstances, in social intercourse, but it has not hitherto appeared in print. With your peranission, I will relate the incident just as it occurred, for your paper:

At the time of the incident, the Rev. Wm. Arthur, D. D., the father of the President, and the Rev. James A. Garfield, an uncle, as I am led to heliceve, of our deceased President, and after whom he was named, were Baptist pastors, within five miles of each other, the Rev. Mr. Garfield being at Schmylerville, and the Rev. Dr. Arthur at Union Village, now called Greenwich, N. V. Both were frends and visitors in the united family of my father and grandfulner, and frequent guests at the family home, in Bullston. My grandfather, Judge William Stillwell, was the chief attraction to them, and to other ministers who came there. He was nototionsly strong in his religious creed, and a floent and able talker. Certain church doings, in which he was prominent, gave to his creed a particular emphasis, just at that time, and he had to uncet the attacks of a number of able controversialists. I remember several such contests, when the air was as blue with the smoke extien to the Brewster Standard.

turbulent days their retreat was as safe as human foresight could have selected. During their hours of leisure, they amused themselves etching familiar scenes on gold and silver plates, it vory, etc., captured in their many depresiations on the commerce of the Galf.

Early in 1846, this portion of the Gulf was sisted by a cyclone and tidal wave such as no man had ever before witnessed or will witness, naless our promised March tornado should prove true. When the water had risen so high as to meance their safety, the party fore down their house, constructed from it a raft, and placing women and children in the boat, the men took to the raft, on which was loaded their valuables, and were rapidly driven to the Corpus Christi bluff. The boat upset, before reaching the land, and all on loard were drowned. The faft strack the hill near the present residence of Mr. Gussett, and so fierce were the waves that in a few moments it was dashed to pieces. Two men reached the banks in safety. The balance, with the accumulated spoils of twenty years, went to the bottom. No sign of treasure or of the unsoftunate men was ever found. It was supposed that a portion of the hill had caved in and buried them, a theory that the late excursation may partially prove.—Carpus Christi (Taz.).

Caller.

TOM PAINES GRAVE.

The Part that a Presbyterian Elder Has Had in Protecting H.

In 1839, a straight shaft of granife was erected in Westchester County to mark the final restingplace of Tom Paine, the atheist and patriet, who was buried on the farm, near New Rockletle, where he had passed the later years of his lifetime, the three had person the safe of the moment of their toppedicate of Tom Paine, the atheist and patriet, who was buried on the farm, near New Rockletle, where he had passed the later years of his lifetime, the three had person to the carbon of the same mounted to the other. Yours, was taken down, the broken corners rounded, the sears effect, and the inscriptions recuit on May 30, 1841, it was rededicated by and and relie hunte

The Person of Section 1 and Arthur on the same thick, with the part operation of the person of the p

AN UNFINISHED POEM BY BRYANT.

The morn hath not the glory that it work. Nor doth the day so beautifully die. Since I can call thee to my side as neare. To gare upon the sky.

For thy dear hand, with each return of Sp I sought in sonny nooks the flowers she I seek them still, and sorrewfully bring The choicest to thy grave.

Here, where I set above, is sometimes heard, From the great world, a whisper of my name. Joined, haply, to some kind, commending word. By those whose praise is fame.

And then, as if I thought thou still wert : I turn me, half forgetting then art dead To read the gentle gladness in thine sye. That once I might have read.

I turn, but see they not; before my eyes. The image of a hillsake mound appears. Where all of thee that passed not to the skies. Was laid with bitter tears.

And I, whose thoughts go back to happier day That fied with thee, would gladly new resign All that the world can give of fame and praise. For one we'vet look of thine.

Thus, ever, when I read of generous deeds, Such words as thou didst once delight to hear My heart is wrung with anguish, as it bleeds To flink thou art not near.

And now that I can talk no more with thee Of ancient friends and days too fair to last A hittenness blends with the memory Of all that happy past.

Oh, when I—— Rostry, 1972 KANSAS POHIBITON. An Exploded Political Question—The Law Rapidly Becoming a Bend Letter—Prohibi-tion vs. Emigration.

MANDES OF TEXAS PRATES.

All LIGOS OF TEXAS PRATES.

ALL L

Governor St. John's administration began with a gain of 5,000 school children, and ended with fact that prohibition has burt this State, and that to a very great extent.

By the magnificent wheat crop of 1878, Kansas as an agricultural State strode to the front rank of the leading agricultural States of the Union. The wheat crop of 1878, Kansas as an agricultural State strode to the front rank of the leading agricultural States of the Union. The wheat crop of 1878 was the great est advertisement that the State ever had. I'under the impetus of the crop report, immigrant of the imputus of the crop report, immigrant and and more inhabitants than she now has. The crowds so lately flocking to Dakota, Manitoba, and the fronter regions of the British possessions, naturally belonged to this State and the State of Nebraska, as well as Kansas and Nebraska and the State of Nebraska, and were a vertical from the natural channel of their travels by finanticism. Nebraska, as well as Kansas and Nebraska had some agitation on the question. The Germans, Russians, Swedes, and other matical handled the force of the state of the inghts will conder it as mustaken and the State of Nebraska, and were a state of the supposing the better class of American lamingrants, scoff at the irlea of enforced tested to a state of the state of the state of the state of the control of the state of the control of the state of the state of the control of the state of the state

WHEN the Philadelphia Imprier was started, in 1842, it printed Clement Moore's poem, "The Night Before Christmas," and every Christmas morning from that year to this, the poem has been printed from the same type which gave their impress to the paper forty years ago.

A. ZERHANDELARE, of Usela, have a started and the same type which gave their impress to the paper forty years ago.

AMONG THE PROPHETS.

adhiel's Voice of the Stars, for March, 1883. Zadkiet's Voice of the Stars, for March, 1883.

The star aspect of the trine, good (120°) of Saturn and Uranne, is formed on the 16th of this month, and coincides with the sun in opposition to Uranns and its square with Japiter. A tempestmons period may be anticipated, therefore, physically and politically. Storms will sweep the globe, and disturbances will be rife in Ireland, Russia, Turkey, and Persia. Happily for London and the vest of England, Japiter is still in the sign diemnin, so the gener metropolis will not suffer so greatly as it otherwise would, yet there will be much political excitement in London, about the 17th and 12th instant. The King of Italy will suffer in common with all persons born on or near the 12th of March, through the sun being in opposition to Uranna, at his birth-day anniversary. He is warned to keep out of danger, and to beware of sudden political changes and movements, for this will prove a very critical year indeed for him. The ruler of Russia will also suffer, from the position of Uranna. The United States is still basking in the rays of Jupiter, and should make great progress in commerce. Some beneficial reforms should be carried through Congress.

A stormy and vebi menth, particularly about

beneficial reforms should be carried through Congress.

A stormy and cold month, particularly about the 12th, when mariners are warned to look out for squalls. High tides, about the 9th, will do great damage.

The san enters Aries March 29, at 10:45, p. m Mars is ruler of the figure, and (as a fixed sign ascerds) of the year. There is every reason to expect that in the early summer months the military and myal forces of Great Britsin will be actively engaged in many a victorious buttle. In Ireland, violence, marder and scuitton will be rife, (in April.) for Saturn soild lingers in Taurus, the ruling sign of that unhappy constry.

A. ZERHANDELAAR, of Utah, intends to represent that Territory at the approaching World's Exposition at Amsterdam. He is a resting business man, a Dutchman, and a liar of considerable resources. He will make a faithful representative.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

See Louis and Amsterdam in the Amsterdam in the State of the

ble resources. He will make a faithful representative.—Butte Island Manutain.

St. John gave us a thousand whiskey saloous under a prohibitory liquor law, a Democratic flovernor, and two crank Legislatures.

The English word staiwart is derived from steal-worth, i. e., worth stealing.